## INDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

By TEMPLE BAILEY. Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.

The vagabond tramped along the road, singing. A tally-ho coach rushed by and he stood aside to let it pass.

The men on top shouted madly to the horses, and the women waved their hand-kerchiefs at nothing in particular. To the vagabond there was presented but one seffnite thing amid the mass of color made by the brilliant parasols of the women end the sporting attire of the men-and that was the face of a girl above a red coat collar, with a wisp of white veil drooping over the eyes. A face young, wistful,

"Wine for thee, for me a crust." His voice was a barytone, with the sure ring of good training.

The coach whirled on in a white cloud, an Irish setter followed, barking with ex-"Do you hear that voice?" asked the girl

in the red coat. "Oh, it's a voice this time, is ft?" said a man beside her. "The last time it was a

There was no last time." "You deny that you fell in love with the nose of a Tyrolean peasant?" I deny that I ever do anything or

Such as falling in love?" The eyes under the shadow weil flashed.

"Such as falling in love?" Then the eyes grew soft. But I liked the voice." "And the nose?" "There was no nose." And therefore no voice.

She turned from him petulantly, and gazed after the tramping figure in faded cordurey a strong figure with a free

The vagabond was making for a woodland which promised coolness.

The strip of green divided the road from a little stream, which was bounded on

the other side by pasture land. The vagabond kneit and filled a cup with the clear water, from the knapsack which he carried on his back he took bread and oheese, and ate his meal hungrily.

After that he stretched himself at full

length by the side of the murmuring water, and for a long time he isy medoalees. Under him the ground pulsed with the hot life of summer; his eyes looked straight up into the vanit of blue. The air throbbed with sunlight and he seemed to float in An old builfrog, secure in the quiet,

est amid the rusles in unwinking still-ness, and a terrapin sunned itself on a half-submerged rock in the middle of the

in little stream and the vagabond were good friends. Every morning be the read to dip into its deeper pools and feel the coolness of its waters. Suddenly the place of noontine was

broken. There was the gay sound of a coaching horn, the whistle of a train. a cheer, a shout, the scream of a woman, and the velp of an injured dog.

The vagabond jumped up and listened.

The frog dropped into the water, "kerflog." and the terrapin followed, going down stream, his head a mere black speck, There was a hubbub of voices as vagabond strode through the trees.

In the middle of the road was a brilliant group. The men had all descended from the coach and were gathered around a red-coated figure. For a moment the vagabond stopped, afraid of what he might

Then he went on, and a closer view showed the girl with the white veil sitting in the dust of the road, with the head of the setter in her lap. The dog was bloody, and the man who had sat beside her was trying to find his injuries.

girl looked up and caught the glance of the steady gray eyes. "You can help him," she said confi-

dently, and the man who was examining the dog turned to see the reason for her "I know you can," she said again

"Yes," said the vagabond, simply But the man on his knees was not to be

"Have you any knowledge of dogs?" he

But the dog answered for him. At the experienced touch he laid his unhurt paw on the hand of the vagabond and gave a whine of appeal. For the next few minutes the man worked busily, making a bandage of handkerchiefs.

"It was the train," the girl explained as he worked. "We were coming back, and we cleared the track all right, but Barry was following blindly, poor old fellow, and be was lifted over into the

"His paw is broken," was the brief answer, as the vagabond proceeded to set it expertly

The girl's face was white, but she held the dog, although the rest of the women turned away, and the men looked sympathetic. When it was done the vagabond stood up.

"It you will let me keep him for a while I will see if there are other injuries," he "There is no need," said the man who had questioned his knowledge. "The men up at the house can look after him."
But the girl ignored the interference.

But the gill ignored the interference. Barry hates most strongers, and he ess you. You can keep him, please," to said to the man, who stood quietly fetre her, his gray eyes on her face, his d slouch hat in his hand. "Where do

will find me there this afternoon." he said, indicating the strip of woodland.

The crowd of men and women looked at him curiously. He had the accent of a gentleman, the picture-squeness of a gentleman, the picture-squeness of a gypsy and the eyes of a care-free con-

will come this evening," promised the girl, as she turned to get into the coach.
The vagabond bowed, picked up the
dog and went up the dusty road.
As Danforth heiped the girl to her seat

the coach be said all he dured say. To trust your precious Barry to a trainp!\* Her head had a mutinous tilt which

ised danger. "At least he is a man." beneath the laughter in his eyes

there glowed a spark.

"And the rest of us?" with a wave of
his hand which included the shouting mas-

Are gentlemer "Thank you. And the difference?" She flung out her hands protestingly. Her gloves were off and she wore no ring. Danforth coveted the bareness of the third

I am not good at definitions," she host-ed, "but well God makes the

The sparks were growing brighter now.
Then they were silent, until as they drove
through the big iron gate and up to the
porch, Danforth made a last plea. "Surely von won't let your romantie impulse take you there this afternoon."

woman goeth where she listeth. O. be tiresome, please.

She was standing on the top step of the old mansion now, the others had gone in.

She looked down at him from the superior height, and the wind blew the white veil against the deepened wild rose of her cheeks. He caught her hand.

"Why will you always seek for novelty. Catherine. You know that for your sake I would do anything, tramp the roads, if you wished, in faded corduroy."

She snatched her hand away quickly, reached the door and called back:

"I am tired of the same frock costs and the same flowers in the buttonholes of the men. I am tired of the latest accent and the same old dances. And I am a wee bit tired of you, too, Oliver." And then she was gone.

she was gone.

That evening she took the trap and one of the men servants and drove to the strip

of the men servants and drove to the strip of green.

She went through the trees and found them by the stream. The vagabond rose to greet her, and the dog welcomed her with a whine of delight. She leaned over and patted the great red bead.

"Can be be moved now?" she asked.

"It would be better if he could stay with me. I am something of a doctor in that line, he said hesitatingly.

"Where do you live," she questioned, as in the morning.

This time he did not evade her question. The red crept up into his cheeks, then he

The red crept up into his cheeks, then he threw back his head with a defiant laugh hrew back his head with a deliant language.

"Here." she echoed, wonderingly.

"Here," she echoed, wonder God's sky

Here, or any where under God's sky te forest is my house, the field, my garde and the stream, my wine cellar."
Something within her quickened at his "Oh, you must be happy, happy!" she

oh, you must be happy, happy shows the had and in that moment there came to her the knowledge that this was what she had sought all her grilhood. Freedom? Did they know it, the men and women who were bound by the something that bound her, too? They had all been stifled in the atmosphere of conventionality that surgounded them.

atmosphere of conventionanty that rounded them.

"The people of the country know me," he went on. "I come once in a while and docter their animals, their cows and horses and dogs and pussy cate," he ended whimsically. But he did not tell her that he was a none who was welcome wherever he went as one who was

his skill.

They walked through the trees together, and he helped her into the trap.

"I will come again," she said, and as she drove away she turned and waved good-by o the man and the dog.

the smooth head of the old dog close within his arms.

"There is something, old fellow," he whispered, "that one needs more than forest, or field, or stream."

And for the first time since she had cast a spell over this man Nature had a rivel.

The girl came every day. Only Danforth knew, and, being a gentle.nan, he kept the knowledge to himself, but he raged inwardly.

At first she came to see the dog. Later she came to see the man. Of course this

At first she came to see the dog Later
she came to see the man. Of course this
was a fact not admitted to herself. But
there was about him the attraction of the
unknown. There was, too, the charm of
the woods, of the golden summer air and
the drowsy music of the bees.

Away from the chatter of the house
full of guesta she felt the fascination of
the principal. She might have been a

full of guests she felt the fascination of the primeval. She might have been a dryad, and he a faun, in the days before the days of men, and his voice seemed to tell of the sighing of pines and the singing of birds, and of the beat of dancing waves, to woo her from the life she had lived.

As for him, in his whole life he had wanted nothing that he could not have. Even his vagabondism was a part that he had chosen. Somewhere there was waiting for him a respectable income and a respectable position in the dulness of the commonplace.

So when she came to him day after day

Talk to me, she said. Tell me of

He told her of his home in the mountains up near the his companions.

makes the trump of the poor man. Because I must go on forever living with nature.

gretfully.
Yes, he is well enough to go-home.
Yes, he is well enough to go-home.

the last red glow blazed against the gray.

'It is I who muss not stay,' he said.

She stood up, her face white.

He made no sign. The fire in the west lied, and the eves that he turned to her reflected the gray of the twilight.

'Think of it,' he said. 'The life I lead a woman cannot know of the restlessness hat stirs my blood. What can you know

that stirs my blood. What can you know of it, you who are quiet, self-contained? But there are women—there was a gypsy woman I met on the road. She loved the fragrance of the pines, as I love it. She loved the very dust of the road that fired her feet. She was happy out in the dew, and even the winds of winter could not take the bight from her force, though also

would go to the world's end." The darkness was coming on, but through the dusk her face shone with the white-

"Perhaps," she whispered, "but I don't

them they would feel together the joyotts madness which was their heritage from the sea kings.

No one should enter their paradise. The little old priest of the chapel at the

cross reeds should marry them, and then the world should know them no more. He watched for her the next morning. As he stood by the dusty readside again the ceach came by and again she was on And this to the girl who had ruled all

her life!

The carriage came nearer, and the storm howled and beat upon him, but she was within the circle of his arm.

They are almost here. It is good-by. They heard now the splashing heat of the horses' hoofs, and with one touch of his lips to the clinging hands, he was gone into the muddy road, his hat pulled over his top. Again she wore the red coat and a man on the seat beside her not Dan-forth—was adoring her with his eyos. In her hands she held a bunch of red roses. the muddy road, his hat pulled over his eyes, his shoulders squared to meet the

her hands she held a bunch of red roses. The vagabond sat in the shadow of the trees and the cloud of dust hid him from all but the eyes of the one who knew. But when the coach had passed a red rose lay on the grass by the roadside.

As he picked it up his voice rang out triumphantly, reaching her faintly ataid the noise of beating hoofs, rattling whoels and gay chatter:

"Scatter its dust on the king's nighway.

But room for the beggar, room't say."

Far behind Danforth was following the coach on horseback. As he caught sight of the figure, the head thrown back and the polse expressing the strength that tree, white and still, her hands on Barry's collar, holding him back from the man whom her heart followed as the rain shut him out of her sight.

MINDANAO'S LAKE REGION. Interesting Things in the Interior of One of the Largest Phillippine Islands.

and the pulse expressing the strength that und the pulse expressing the strength that comes from the buffeting of storms and he beating of winds, as he heard the defiant incres of the ringing voice, his face hardened, and he remed up before the group of two. From the St. Lowis Globe-Democrat Col Edwin A Godwin, who is detailed St Louis as commandant of the World's air Jefferson Guards, related a story of the Philippines yesterday which has not and he remed up before the group of two.
The dog welcomed him with slow thumps
of his tail; evidently he and Danforth were
riends, if not very enthusiastic ones.

The eyes of the two men met and struck
the. It was the battle of Greek and barserior. Each was conscious of a rivalry fore found its way into print, and which, r romantic interest, rivals the tales of aggreed Yet Col Godwin relates only "He is masterful and it is masterfulness that wins," was the thought that struck Denforth with the force of a blow.

"He is of her class," mourned the heart of the vagabond, as he took in the perfec-tion of the other, from riding boots to hat.

"When can I take the dog home?" said Danforth. His tone was more insolent of found throughout the length and breadth the Philippines The men of war were ade in China, taken in small sections to the r southern island in the China Sea, carried Danforth. His tone was more insolent than he knew. Into the vagabond's soul there surged Into the vagabond's soul there surged hot resentment, but it was succeeded by confidence. How dared he doubt with that red rose next to his heart?

"Now—if he will go with you." He said it carelessly, as a matter of small importance. But within him the blood was throbbing. Would the dog decide for there? and Canada. Here, when the Spantards were defeated, they were sunk, to save them

barian. Each was conscious of a rivalry -a rivalry grudgingly admitted by Dan-lorth and scarcely hoped for by the vaga-

He is masterful and it is masterfulness

Danforth flicked his whip against his

"Catherine and I." How easily he said it: "Come, Barry," called Danforth, and

te followed for a little distance up the oad, then stopped and looked back at he vagal and Then he stood for a momen' resolute, in front of him the man of cool

nsideration, behind him the man in who

of his half-cocked ear.

Danforth rode on, and the vagabond sat down and hugged the dog.

Barry had decided it. He would take her away—if she would go. But he knew she would go. Hidden comewhere in her was the wild nature that respected to the restlessness in him, and the woods called to her, and she would not close her

And the man who called her "Catherine"

easily! As his wife she would have viety, family, friends. She would live life that her grandmother lived, and

at her granddaughters would copy her side would be this man, making name for himself in the world—a name

her. His eyes looked out over the fields, and

Ills eyes looked out over the neids, and oward the blue line of the mountains—he rugged mountains. He thought of er, of her white hands, of her perfumed air, of the daintiness of her tastes.

And he would take her where the hands hould grow brown and the hair rough—

ng curl fell on her shoulder. I ran away from them, she began.

"When I heard it, it seemed to me that I id always known it," be said. They sat down side by side on the log at lay near the stream. He knew it was

uiliness upon it. That he should see the appy that lay half against her hair and aif against her throat. That he should see the little, restless white hands that allied at the lace handkerchief, and more han all, he should see himself yearning

the thing he must not do- to fly the end of the earth.

get up. I could not reach for a cup of water I could only suffer—suffer of fever,

and hunger and thirst.
"My cut was the only living thing mean

one, and she came and went through the little hole I had out for her, and kept bersell alive. But she could do nothing for me Do you know what it means, the loneliness— the dread? I was saved by a half-frozen

woodsman, who sought my cabin for she

some was trained. The attermountain in increase seemed peopled by plantons—hideous ones of starvation and death. What of the care-tree life? If he would tell her of that But his reice went our. "That is well enough for a man, but suppose I had had a wife, and that I had died, and she had been left alone on the

intain with only the old cat for company would have gone mad. Women ar

"Yes, women are different," she whispered but her eyes pleathed.
She rose, shivering. The thunder rolled

measer, the clouds were builded up in black masses, the trees bent, and the leaves twisted about, and showed little white signals of distress. For a moment he stood looking down upon her, then the old look came bits his eyes, and he placed his hand softly beneath

yes, and he placed this failed softly observed the roundness of her chin, and raised the brooping face to him.

"From something that I see in your yes, I know that I am no longer the outless, the vagabond, but the king, the conjugor. Is it not so?"

We was answered as she ching to him.

He was answered as she clung to him.

his, and come to you to live as a man hould live, and, yet I have this saving trace, that I will not take you into the

Her big hat blew back on her shoulders, and the wind caught her curls and flung

on across his lips. With a sudden, mighty effort be pur

ber from him, and pointed to the rain which was sweeping across the fields. We must not stay," be said, and with the dog following them they left the little stream and went through the trees to the

ines of a hurrying carriage.
"They are coming for me," she whis-

them. He drew her under the trees, fast-ened the red coat around her and tied his bundler-chief over her head. Then he stood between her and the storm. His hat was

storm had come upon them flercely big hat blew back on her shoulders.

away could be seen the blurred cut-

She was troubled. The little mountain

that lay near the stream. He knew for the last time, and he knew, too, should always see the rapt face, w

om the hands of the Moros.
"The time will come," said Col. Godwin of the people of the United States will be awakened to that strange land known a the island of Mindanao. It is of limins magnitude, second only to Luzon, and pessibly as large as that island. Hargard ha boot impatiently. "Go, of course he will go. I am very fond of him. He was a puppy when Catherine and I were youngsnever imacined a more wildly picturesque land than this. The ships that touch at its coast towns find evidence that there is "Come, Barry," called Danforth, and counted his horse. At the call the dog bounded forward. dan stronghold where no less than 350,000 ros dwell in what is called the lake region arms he had slept for many weary rights.

He wheeled and made straight for the vagationd, and, reaching him, leaped upon him with joyful barks.

Far up the road Dauforth was whistling native towns are built about lakes, so that if a map of that region ce of a centipede the names of the towns or him, but Barry sank down at the vagu-ond's feet, and panting, gave no evi-ence of attention, except by the twitching f his half-cocked ear.

the coast, moved little by little into the intervals, and remaining in these strong-holds for a few years before pushing further the interior. The way led through my mountains, responding in an eternal hericans there were note of the that could be spared to go to the is of Mindanao, and the Spaniards

he pushed the dog from him, and his heart stopped—for himself he was content to think of death as the brutes die, in some leafy hollow of the woods, with the birds to sing a requiem—but for her—horrible!
His forchead was knit into a frown.

\*O grandmother, grandmother, what his eyes you have! somehody channed.
He turned his eyes to the gypey-like vision. The red coat was open. A rough yellow straw hat was on her head, and its wreath of popples straggled down over her hair. She had been running, and a n the Philippines the idea of bringh n-of-war to the region of the lak upon by the Spanish commands "Catherine" In that one word he said all that he could of the blue sky came the far-away of thunder and a pull of cool, damp the first hints of a storm, but they win concluded with a good story More Datte was received or air, the first lants of a storm, but they neither heard nor saw,

"listen," he said, "I have told you much of my life, but there are somethings that I have not told. There was one winter when I was it. I had plenty of provisions, and at first I dragged around and helped. But there came a day when I could not giner berr to refresh his however, had not forgotte

## Some Impressions of a Visitor Before the Recent Cataclysm.

Pour the Washington Post Plerre was one of the most picturesqu tle cities in the world. I spent a few hours corrance it presented," said Capt John A seel of New York resterday at the St. ics Hotel "The women of St. Pierre seed more garly than in any other part of world I ever visited. They were many

re was practically to harbor at Sr and the shins anchored a short dise out of sea. As soon as our vessel came in harring distance of St. Pierre a numadi bonts set out from shore ors and carrying trults, which they offered he women had cocoanuts from which the s had been removed. Part of the mill seen poored from the fruit and replaced the delicious and in great demand with

Tow of the people in St. Pierre were pure ack The regrees who were originally the islated, the Malays who were brought re to serve as slaves, and the French a her withe people who located there, inter arried so freely that most of the inhabitants oved only a trace of the negro blood. The omen were quite dark, but had good feat-es, and many of them were quite hand-Their clothing was very unusual their heads they were scarfs of es and their gowns were very fauta-tithrough the city there seemed to be a gavety and abandon.
Firthe was located in a small indenture

# would have gone I do not question, for you SCENE OF THE CORONATION.

CHANGES NOW BEING MADE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

vious Coronations-Where the Crowning and Appointing Will Occur - The Crowns Vestments of the Clerky The Music That Will be Heard.

are, they are being conducted on far less nation during recent history, that is to for thinking that so far as the actual quality of the preparations is concerned, an enor mous advance will be displayed upon anything in the shape of a pageant which English people have witnessed for several

The nearest event in point of time t the Abbey. The coming event will, howingles, mountain passes and ravines, and fall short of the crowd of 1887 by something like 3,000 or even more.

The reason for this is as follows:

every English coronation from that of William and Mary in 1685 down, huge galleries have been erected at the east end of the Abbey. In other words, some 2,000 people or perhaps even more, have been permitted to gaze right into the sanctuary at the very moment when the sovereign was employed in some of the most sucred actions connected with the Christain faith such, for instance, as his reception of the Holy Communion.

Times have changed, and the general

the arrangements for carrying out the general ceremonial of the coronation Beneath the lantern of the Abbey, and within the square formed by the four pillars which support it, there is to be erected

the coronation by the curiously inappropriate title of the theatre. On it are placed two thrones, or chairs of state, one for the King, which will probably be elevated on a dais of five steps, and another for the Queen, on one of three.

intil the coronation of the King has been ompleted. He is then solemnty placed upon this royal seat, after which the poblity rowd around to perform what is technically ermed the act of homage.

r "Stone of Destiny."

The story of this chair is probably as well known in America as in England. t will suffice, therefore, to say that it has figured in some shape at the coronation of every sovereign, from the time when Edward I. seized upon it at the Abbey of Scone and in so doing ruthlessly despoiled the Scottish people of their chief

specified in the accounts which have desended to modern times, of every coronaion from that of Henry IV. down, and seeing that it actually occupied a place in the Abbey during nearly the whole of that century, that is to say from the year 1302 the year 1309, there can be no reasonable loubt that it was also employed at the coronations of Edward II. Edward III.

and Richard II. At right ungles to the Coronatton Chair and facing north there will be erected two ther chairs. These will be occupied by their Majesties during the earlier portion of he service and from here they will listen appropriate to the occasion." It will be livered, as has already been announced,

Bishop of London. On the north side of the altar will be placed a chair composed of purple velvet, with a footstool of the same material. Those will be employed by the Archbissop of Cantersury, who, according to ancient right and ustem, receives them at the conclusion of he ceremony as the perquisite of his see.

On the south side are placed the Dean and canons of Westminister Abbey, while around the King and Queen will be grouped the great officers of state, the Lords who carry the regalia and other important personages. The beach of Bishops will be accommodated behind their Primate on the north side of the sacrarium.

Some highly interesting structural changes will take place in the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor behind the high altar. Access is gained to this historic chapel by means of two doorways in the screen on either side of the high a tar.

Beneath the ruined shrine of the monarch from whom Westminster Abbey derived its existence, there will be placed a small table, known technically as St. Edward's altar. It will be vested, as will also be the case with the high altar, in a magnificent covering of royal crimson, adorned with

clusion of the entire service. As soon as the Archbishop of Canterbury has pronounced the benediction their Majestjes will retire into St. Edward's chapel. The two crowns with which they have been invested will then be removed from heir heads and will be replaced by two others of a lighter though not less beau-

iful character. These are regarded as

being in a certain sense the special properry of each individual sovereign and they have not infrequently been broken up as each successive coronation has come round. as it is more properly entitled is the same diadem which was first of all placed upon the brow of Charles II. in 1661. Such alter-

240 years are of a comparatively trifling character

vestments which will be core placed upon him in the course of the service by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster.

These coronation vestments, which bear of estate, which are composed of magnifi-cent velvet, the bue being that of royal

The north and south transepts of the Abbey will be filled up with two enormous gaileries, which will be constructed so as slope down from a considerable height to the edge of the theatre. In one of these will be placed the peers and in the other

the peeresses.

No little interest is being caused in London by the splendid robes and coronets which the members of the English aris-tocracy are bound to wear upon this oc-No doubt some of the most precious ewels which the country has to show will make their appearance on some of the great ladies of the land so that further dignity may be added to the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. The robes to be worn by the chief clerical

performers of the ceremony will be the Episcopal rochet, over which a handsome pe will be placed. Westminster Abbey is fortunate in being the possessor of some glorious vestments of this description which were originally procured for the coronation of Charles II. in 1661.

At the outset they were twelve in ber, being composed of three shades of color, purple, crimson and cloth of gold. Time, however, has wrought sad havoo with those of the last tint, and they are ne longer fit for actual use, all the sheer and the brilliancy which they once possessed having departed. The purple and crimson copes are still

n an excellent state of preservation, and these there are now being added, in view of the forthcoming event, seven others which have been designed so as to match the silker, hangings of the high altar and the altar of St. Edward. These will of ourse be worn by the dean and canons of

A word may here be said about the music of the coronation. The instrumental part will be in the hands of the King's Band which will supplement the magnificent tones of the Abbey organ. The vocal portion of the service will be provided by the two royal choirs of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace while to these there will be further added the choirs of St. George's Chapel, Windsor and St. Paul's Cathedral.

The general musical arrangements have been entrusted to Prof. Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, who has been assisted in his responsible task by Sir Walter Parrott, organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor, and Master of the King's Band.

The music at the coronations of William IV and Queen Victoria would sound to modern ears nothing more nor less than a hopeless parody. Some musical enormities were perpetrated on those two occasions. In the hands, however, of two such capable musicians as those mentioned, it may be safely stated, there is no fear of any repetition of such incongruities, and we may rest assured that the rendering of the musical portion of the coronation service will be conducted on lines of highest order of excellence.

#### MORE SCIENTIFIC TREORIES. Prof. Hellprin on the Pelee Explosi -Frars Other Collapses

PHILADELPHIA, May 17 .- Prof. Angele Heilprin. Philadelphia's geologist and authority on volcanology, is going to the Windward Islands to study the scientific phenomena of the eruptions in the group.

"In my opinion the volcano eruptions are not the only things to be feared," he declared. 'It is altogether likely that the volcante disturbance now going on may result in the collapse of the islands whose peaks spring into activity. The constant eruption of rock, lava and ashes, you must know means that a hole, as it were, is being made in the bosom of the earth. When this hole reaches great size that which is above will be without support and then subsidered must follow. subsidence must follow.

"The sudden discharge in the present instance would appear to indicate that it was due to an almost instantaneous gen-eration of steam. This was probably brought about by the infiltration of water. "The volcances of Martinique and St. Vincent and of the neighboring islands of the Caribbean are situated in a region of extreme weakness of the earth's crust which has its parallel in the Mediterranear hasin, on the opposite side of the Atlantic This American region of weakness extends westward from the Lesser Antilles across the Gulf of Mexico into Mexico proper, where are located some of the loftiest volcanoes of the globe, Popocatapetl and Ori-zaba, both now in sommolent condition, and including the more westerly volcano of Colima, which has been almost continu-

ously in eruption for ten years.

The assertion has been made that there has been a decrease in the potentiality of these volcances, but no geologist is in a position to assert that this is actually the case, and it should be no surprise to any student to have some of them burst ou

student to have some of them burst out with the same vigor and intensity as Mont Pelde or the Soufrière.

Whether or not the late seismic disturbances which were noticed in southern Mexico in January and in Guatemala in April have any relation with the outburst in the eastern Antilles remains to be determined, but for the present they deprend the condition of great they demonstrate the condition of great weakness in that region, which had its first beginning ages ago ir the breaking down of the Andean mountain system and the formation of the Caribbean and Gulf basins."

#### FOUR NEW NIGHT CENTRES. Regions of Expanding New York Where Activity is Greatest After Dark.

"When I first came to New York," said a sedate citizen, "I saw with new eyes all parts of the city. My business took me to all its principlal parts.

"That was nearly twenty years ago. about the time of Dixey and 'Adonis.' Then, counting out Newspaper row and the Brooklyn Bridge entrance where there was always something doing, there was only great centre of night activity; and that Madison Square and a few blocks above on Broadway

"For years now I have not been around much at night until recently. Now I find hat Madison Square is a bit duller than it used to be; that Fourteenth street between Third and Fourteenth arrest between Third and Fourth avenues is much live-lier than formerly; and that, exclusive of Harlen, there are four new and distinct centres of night activity, each having its own peculiar features.

"The Broadway and Thirty-fourth street

neighborhood, including the Waldorf-As-toria, is one the Long Acre Square district a another: the Plaza at the southeast corper of Central Park with its thronged and impuous hotels and the Fifth avenue with its large restaurants and the crowds transferring at Fifty-ninth street and Cen-tral Park West or at Columbus avenue, is

'it is wonderful, wonderful, this exansion of New York. And strangely hough these added centres of its fashion

### NIGNI, THE DWARF. TELLS TALES

The Adventures of an Interesting Little Man, as Written by Himself.

NO. 4-ENGAGED BY A SHOWMAN I have good cause to remember father weighed me and nodded and

> "Mother, our Nigni will be a man day if he keeps on. I find that he weight more than eight pounds, and his must be all of eleven inches Almost every baby three months

is as tall and heavy as that two but I was a dwarf, you see, and when gained ever so little it pleased my par-For birthday presents my me my first pocketknife, and me gift consisted of a dumb watch Being poor people, they could do no bette me, nor did I expect them to. It was on the 6th of July, and breakfast

had been ended about an hour and I was playing in the garden, when a stranger arrived. I heard him talking for a while with mother, and then I was call-I found him to be an oldish man, face looked so kind that I liked han a He looked me over as I stood in the

and then said:
"Well, my little man, how do y I have heard of you and have I have heard of you and have tra-500 miles to see you. I was told the were the smallest dwarf in the work. I see that the news is true, I am nere all the family. Do you think you ca your father and bring him here for a I replied that I could, and hastened to believe to the see, where father

That night when darkness had fallen, when all the sweetness of summer fragrance was in the air, the vagabond drew the smooth head of the old dog close within

So when she came to him day after day, the care-free look went out of his eyes and left him all conqueror, and her eyes, meeting his, fell.

One afternoon she came very late. The sun made a path of gold for her as she stepped from the shadow of the Itrees. She was all in white.

The thinness of her gown was gathered about her and the swirling lace rufnes swept the grass. Her throat was a little bare and her dark hair was drawn princessike to the top of her head.

"I am so tired of it all," she said. "May I stay with you for a little while?"

He led her to a seat on an old log, his fairy princess on a sylvan throne, he thought, and was silent in the presence of her beauty.

"Tell to me," the said. "Tell me of

of the big fireplace with the roaring fire;
of his books; of the deep window that
coked out on the beauty of the snow; of e window seat which he had made and the half-frozen wild things that were

You are a gentleman, she said, with a guilty consciousness of a former definition, but the name, fitting him, seemed to take on dignity "And yet you have chosen on dignity "A Because there is within me that which

must go on forever awing with nature, ferhaps my great-great-grandfather had a him the blood of a gypsy, such is the radition. But I know this, that I should is in the captivity of every-day duties. "And are you never lonely?"
"I never knew loneliness," he answered.

His eyes were on the sunset, and her white, bare hand went out toward him, and

"I must go now " she said.
She knell beside the dog.
"He is almost well." She spoke re-

She looked up startled. "He "No, no." She looked up must not leave you yet. His eyes were again on the west, where the last red glow blazed against the gray. the last red glow blazed against the gray.

her feet. She was happy out in the dew, and even the winds of winter could not take the light from her face, though she was often ill clad, poor thing.

"And you loved her?"

"I have never loved any woman," he said shortly. "She was a gypsy, and the wife of a gypsy, and she loved her hu-band. But I think of her because she was the only woman who could understand."

"Perhaps," she said slowly, "there might be other women. Women who have not

be other women. Women who have not walked the dusty road, nor feit the sum-mer dew on their faces in the freedom of the fields. Women who hate the restraints Women who hate the restraints Women who for love of a man

ness of a pear!

He dropped on his knee beside her.

Is there such a woman? he said. "Tell me, is there such a woman?"

The slender hand rested for a moment

Techaps, she whispered, but I don't know yet. Not yet.

Then she left him.

All night long he lay awake under the stare. His thoughts went forward into the winter, and he saw her in the big chair in front of the fire, or reating in the window sout deep in the eoziness of the red blankets and furs. He dreamed of her face at the window, watching for him to come across

the snow.

He saw her in the spring, listening for the first call of the birds, and filling the rude vases with dogwood and violets.

Then the summer. They would not wanter near the haunts of men. She was too sweet for rude exces to look upon. Perhaps they would sail on unknown waters, and when the breath of the sail sea touched them they would feel teacher the joyalis.

are for Fewer Speciators Than at Pre-

LONDON, May 9 .- At the moment a forest f timber is being carried into Westminster Abbey, for it is necessary to construct enormous galleries for the accommodation of the privileged spectators who will gather within its walls on the approaching 26th of June. Great though these preparations extensive lines than at any previous corosay, in quantity, for there is every reason

which we can compare the present occasion is, of course, the memorable jubilee of 1887. On that occasion very nearly ten thousand persons were packed into ever, be viewed by a body of pesons which

unseemliness of an arrangement such as this is manifest to all. Consequently, here will be no galleries at the eastern end, or apse, of the church, with the solitary exception of the boxes prepared for the accommodation of the royal family and personages intimately connected with the reigning house of England.

A word must first of all be said about

a large platform.

This platform, which is raised several eet above the floor level of the Abbey is known in the various service books of

These chairs of state will not be occupied

The actual deed of crowning as as that of anointing the King takes place in another chair, one which will ever be perhaps, the dearest possession of the English people. This is the celebrated Coronation Chair, also known as King Edward's chair, containing within its carved ornamentation the "fateful" stone

King Edward's chair, or St Edward's chair, as it is variously termed, is distinctly

o the sermon which is to be "brief and

by the popular Dr. Widdington-Ingram,

Tuder roses and other national emblems. This smaller altar is used as a resting place for the gowns of state of the King and Queen, which are not put on until the con-

The crown of England, or of St. Edward, ations as it has experienced in the last

In addition to St. Edward's altar there will also be erected in the Confessor's chapel two waiting chambers, which are known by the curious title of traverses. Uses the King will take off the coronation

one and all of them a deeply sacred signification, are left behind in the custody of the Dean and chapter of Westminster whose perquisite they have been regarded from ancient times. In their place the King will be arrayed in the gorgeous robes

purpte.

I replied that I could, and bastened down to the shore of the sea, where father was mending a boat. The stranger had said that his name was Yeddo, and when I gave it to father he said:

"Yeddo? Why, that is the name of Japan's greatest showman! He is a second Barnum. I wonder way he should want to see me?"

When we reached the house Mr. Yeddo shook father by the hand and hoped he was well, and after a little talk about the weather, he said!

weather, he said:
"Perhaps you can guess why I am here
"Perhaps you can guess why I am here
taking little Nigni around the country on exhibition.

He certainly is the smallest of all dwar and the public will be glad to pay a go-price to see him. He has been written in the press several times, and people are asking why I don't engage him "What! Exhibit our Night around the country as if he were some strange will beast? screamed my mother, as she felling

a chair.
I am not the sort of man to sell his chil-"I am not the sort of man to sell his chil-dren!" added my father, as a frown came to his face.

The showman did not lose his good tem-per. He talked plainly and kindly and after about an hour he brought my parents around to view the thing in a different light.

light.

As for me, I was delighted with the idea and would have said "yes," at once had it rested with me. Mr. Yeddo remained all day, and by supper time it was settled that he was to exhibit me. He was to pay my father a large sum of money more than my parents had ever thought could be collected together by one man and mother was to go along

by one man—and mother was to go along and take care of me.

I had not been going to school, but mother and others had taught me to read and spell, and I could sing fairly well and speak a piece. It was decided that when I went on exhibition I should make a recitation, sing a couple of songs and dance a jig.

This I would do twice a day, and the rest of my time would be taken up talking with the people. It was also decided that I should be dressed as a Colonel in the army and wear a real sword, and the name the public was to know me by was Col. Mite be dressed as a Colonel in the army and wear a real sword, and the name the public was to know me by was Col. Mite.

As I was to be ready in two weeks, I went right at it next day to learn my lessons, and I was so determined to succeed that it was only eight days before I could recite a long poem and sing a couple of funiversings. As to my dancing, that was good enough without any further lesson.

Mother and I were ready when the showman came for us, and in my next I will

man came for us, and in my next I tell you how I went out into the world. CHINESE REBELS DEMANDS.

Want a Change of Dynasty-Object to Indemnity Taxes -- Missionary Refugees. VICTORIA, B. C., May 13 .- The steamer Empress of India, which arrived to-day from the Orient, brought among her pas sengers the first of the refugee missionaries who have been obliged to leave Kwang-i

as the result of the rebellion in southern China. Mr. and Mrs. Landis of the Christian and Missionary Alliance were stationed at Naning, which was later besteged by the rebels. They fled in a boat manned by some Chinese converts down the West River and had many narrow escapes during the voyage to Canton, whence they made their way to Hong Kong. They were fired on several times by pirates

A Chinese banker who has arrived at

Hong Kong after a tour of Kwangsi says

that thirty towns have been captured by the rebels, the local Mandarins being taken in the majority of places. The rebels have circulated pamphlets bearing the following:
"Sons of China, we are not robbers.
"Sons of the proper That "Sons of China, we are not robbers. Treat us not as such. We, the proper Chinese, are governed by foreigners. They have not justly ruled us. The groans of the masses are not heard, their grievances are not redressed. The Mandarins are a mass of corrupt officials. They have sold parts of China to Western people, they have declared war upon nations without our knowledge, and now demand of us, the Southerners, increased taxes to meet the payment of indemnity Why should we be the sufferers? We are nothing to them. Why have we allowed ourselves to be thus trampled upon? True sons of China and of the South we pray you to consider these things, and read our propaganda.

propaganda.
Our first is the overthrowing of the present Manchu Dynasty. Second, founding a new dynasty with a Chinese Emperor on the throne. Third, the helping of the oppressed and needy. Fourth, the introduction of reform. Fifth, the protection of trade, and sixth and last, the establishment of Kwangsi, Kwang tung and Kwai Chou as the three seats of Govern-ment, with Canton as the capital, with an Emperor and a Viceroy over each province of Kwangei and Kwai Chou. In conclusion, be it known that the

Western people are not to be interfered with, their lives are to be protested and their trade not to be meddled with Let them go in peace. We are the enemies only of the Manchu dynasty. We have only of spoken. SEA ROSE WITH GREAT FURY." Phenomenon Near Martinique That Was

Noticed a Year Ago. WASHINGTON, May 17 Commander W. H. H. Southerland, Chief Hydrographer of the Navy, discovered in the records of his office to-day a report which has an interesting bearing on the Martinique disaster. It shows that one year, lacking three days, prior to the great volcante upheaval in Martinique, a phenomenon of the sea similar to that which prevailed around the island when the recent catastrophe came was noticed in the same waters This is the record found by Commander Southerland:

\*Capt. J. Thomas of the schooner Kate. reports that May 5, 1901, about thirty-two miles eastward from the south point Martinique the sea rose with great fury breaking as if on rocks. This continued for about four hours, then the sea because quite smooth again. The schooner labored quite smooth again. and its fun are interesting and as novel and as picture-sque to me now as was the gayety of Madison S mare, nearly a score of years the light airs from the southeast not giving ago, when all the town seemed so new to her steerage way. No current was my eyes."